

**"S'MATTER, POP?"**

By C. M. Payne

HOW MANY CHILDREN IS IN YOUR FAMILY?



I HAVE ONE BROTHER



AND ONE THITHTER



AND TWO OTHER KIND



WHAT THA JING DING?



WHADDA YA MEAN OTHER KIND?



TWINTH!



AWK!



S'MATTER, POP?



PRACTISING STAGE JOKE

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**HEREAFTER AXEL WILL COMB HIS MAKEUP!**

By Vic

NOW REMEMBER YOUR PART AXEL AND DON'T QUEER ANY MORE FILM! I'M THE CITY GUY, AND I ASK YOU FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND AND YOU REFUSE ME!



ACTION! COME IN FLOEY - REMEMBER YOUR LINES AXEL - - -



STEADY AXEL! NOT TOO MUCH ACTION HERE!!



AY FOUND VON SPIDER IN DAS WHISKERS!!!



130 FEET WASTED!



OH, AY KNOW MY PART

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**THE TITLE FOR THIS SHOULD BE: "BUT-HE CHANGED HIS MIND!"**

By E. McBride

GEE, ITS A CINCH FOR ME SINCE PETTY'S MOTHER IS HELPING HER WITH THE HOUSECLEANING. I WON'T HAVE TO HANG ANY PICTURES, TAKE DOWN CURTAINS, MOVE AROUND THE FURNITURE OR ANYTHING, PRETTY SOFT EH?



SHE VARNISHED THE DINING ROOM FLOOR YESTERDAY AND IS GOIN' TO POLISH THE PIANO TODAY!



AND I WON'T HAVE TO BEAT ANY MORE RUGS OR CARPETS, GEE, SHE'S MAKIN' IT EASY FOR ME! IT USED TO BE MY OLD JOB TO POLISH UP THE BRASS FIXTURES TOO!



HELLO HANK, WE DECIDED TO TAKE UP ALL THE CARPETS AND RUGS IN THE HOUSE. YOU CAN GET YOUR OWN SUPPER LIKE A GOOD HUBBY!



AND WE THOUGHT YOU COULD GET UP EARLY IN THE MORNING AND BEAT ALL THESE CARPETS AND RUGS AND HANG THE PICTURES BEFORE YOU GO TO WORK!



5TH AVE. BUS

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**The Jarr Family**  
By Roy L. McCardell

**GUS'S PATRONS SEEK THE SOURCE OF "HARD TIMES"**

SEE by the papers that if the railroads can charge five cents more for everybody good times will come," said Beppier, the butcher, holding forth in Gus's popular cafe on the corner, "so what I say is let 'em have it. I don't ride on the railroads."

"That's what I say," said Gus. "I don't ride on them either. On the subway it is five cents to ride, and that's enough. I ain for a law for to pay railroads five cents. What do you say Slavinsky?"

"Me, I should worry!" replied the glazier. "I don't ride in the railroads neither. So if that will make times better, let it be did."

"What makes times hard is that people don't eat enough meat," remarked Beppier, the butcher. "How can business be good if people ain't got strength to do a good day's work, and how can they do a good day's work without they eat meat?"

"No, you're wrong there," Muller, the grocer declared. "This time of year in the spring everybody should eat vegetables. Meat ain't good for you at this time of year in the spring—vegetables, that's the stuff!"

"Because you got a lot of vegetables outside your store you say that," said Beppier.

"You should say it too," retorted the grocer. "You sell soup greens."

"What is it to me in my business, soup greens?" asked Beppier.

"For five cents' worth of soup greens, what profit is in that? Besides, there ain't no trimmings with vegetables."

"We're getting away from the subject," said Beppier, the local doctor.

"What makes hard times is that there ain't enough new build-

make mud only means more work for me but no more money."

"It's these cheap safety razors that crabs business and makes times hard," was the opinion of Fred, the sporting barber, who had dropped in to see what time it was—it being well known that a cafe clock beats a ship's chronometer for accuracy.

"Now lookahere," Fred went on. "If you can buy a dollar safety razor and don't patronize your barber except for your monthly haircut the barber ain't got no money to blow. When the barbers have money they are good sports and keep it in circulation, and so, you can take it from me, if the city will pass a law making a safety razor a concealed weapon everybody would be getting shaved in the shops; the barbers will blow their money and business will be better."

"What a nonsense!" sniffed Gus.

"And I say it when I know barbers is good customers."

"It's straight goods," declared the sporting barber. "I figured it all out. Ten million ginks are using safety razors in this country. Allowin' some shave every other day and some cheap union shops out of 15 cents—it's ten cents a day the barbers is nixed out of, ain't that a million dollars a day? If a million dollars a day was all spent in this neighbor-

**PA'S DIARY**  
BY HAZEN CONKLIN.

**PA HAS FOUND A PLACE TO GET "REAL FOOD."**

SOME of my new duds come home to-day. They wasn't all finished, only part way. A little feller from the tailor store—it wasn't the John Bull feller who measured me off, but another one—come this evening with a piece of chalk in his pocket, and between him and Jorkins, "my man," they made out to try 'em on me. When the feller had rubbed chalk marks on 'em in different places he did 'em up in a bundle and went away with 'em. When he'd gone Jorkins grinned.

"If it was when he first come, Jorkins would have said, 'Pardon me, sir, but you are goin' to have a very fine wardrobe, sir; very good, sir; an'ke, air.' But seen' as I've got him broke to harness, he says: 'Boss, you're gonna have a swell layout of glad rags! Some class, believe me!' Which is more as he should talk."

Clarice and Ma and Mrs. Carrington Bruce was all to a taydovonk this afternoon, and Clarice met the Bruce's friend, Jack Thornton, that she'd heard so much about from Mrs. Bruce. He was there, too.

I heard all about him at dinner. I et more of him than I did anything else. Clarice says: "He's got the loveliest wavy hair and the most delectable chin, and the steadiest blue eyes, and the smilest lips, and the most aristocratic nose I ever saw. And he's so POLISHED! Why, he was just as charmin' to mother as if he was!" And then she stopped, for Ma bridled up.

"And why wouldn't he be?" she says.

"Of course, he SHOULD be, mother, dear," says Clarice, and then she went on ravin' some more about him.

I can see she's resigned to losing Percival Von Der Loon.

I knew better than to remind her about Charlie Higgins. I guess Charlie ain't in the runnin' even in her mind. If he was only rich and handsome and aristocratic-familied, instead of bein' in charge of my shipin' department up in Dobbinville at the works and plain lookin' and bein' an orphan whose pa used to be a no-good and whose ma used to do washin', he might stand a show. Poor Charlie! I never see an honest feller, or a harder worker, or a youngster I'd rather have for a son-in-law. It's what Jorkins, my sales manager, calls Kismet, which he says means Fate.

Well, anyway, this Jack Thornton is a likelier young chap, judgin' from his record, than Percival.

We ain't found any way yet to handle that New England territory problem. Huntington, our N. E. territory manager, had to go back to Boston to-day. He's been on for a week and couldn't stay no longer. The feller that's doin' our advertisin' says he can't figure out no way to improve that. We're advertisin' right up to the handle as it is.

Ma has got a feller huntin' up her family record to see if he can find a coat-of-arms in it. She says she knows it ain't no use huntin' in my family.

"I hope he can find one with a lion in it," she says to me.

"He probably will," I says, "only it won't be spelt the way you mean." And I left her to figger out what I meant and slid upstairs to my room. I guess that was gettin' back at her some!

I've found a new place to eat noons. I can get a whole meal for 30 cents, and everything I like. Corned beef and cabbage, pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut and corned beef hash. I never get them tasty things to home no more. They ain't as rich dishes, but they're good and fillin'. Better than pattydofograh and cavy-air.

**I'LL BETCHA!**

By Sass

I'LL BETCHA OUR CAT KIN RIGHT YOURS!



I'LL BETCHA!



PUSSY PUSS! NICE PUSSY!



MEOW! PUSSY!



DOOM!



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